KNAVE

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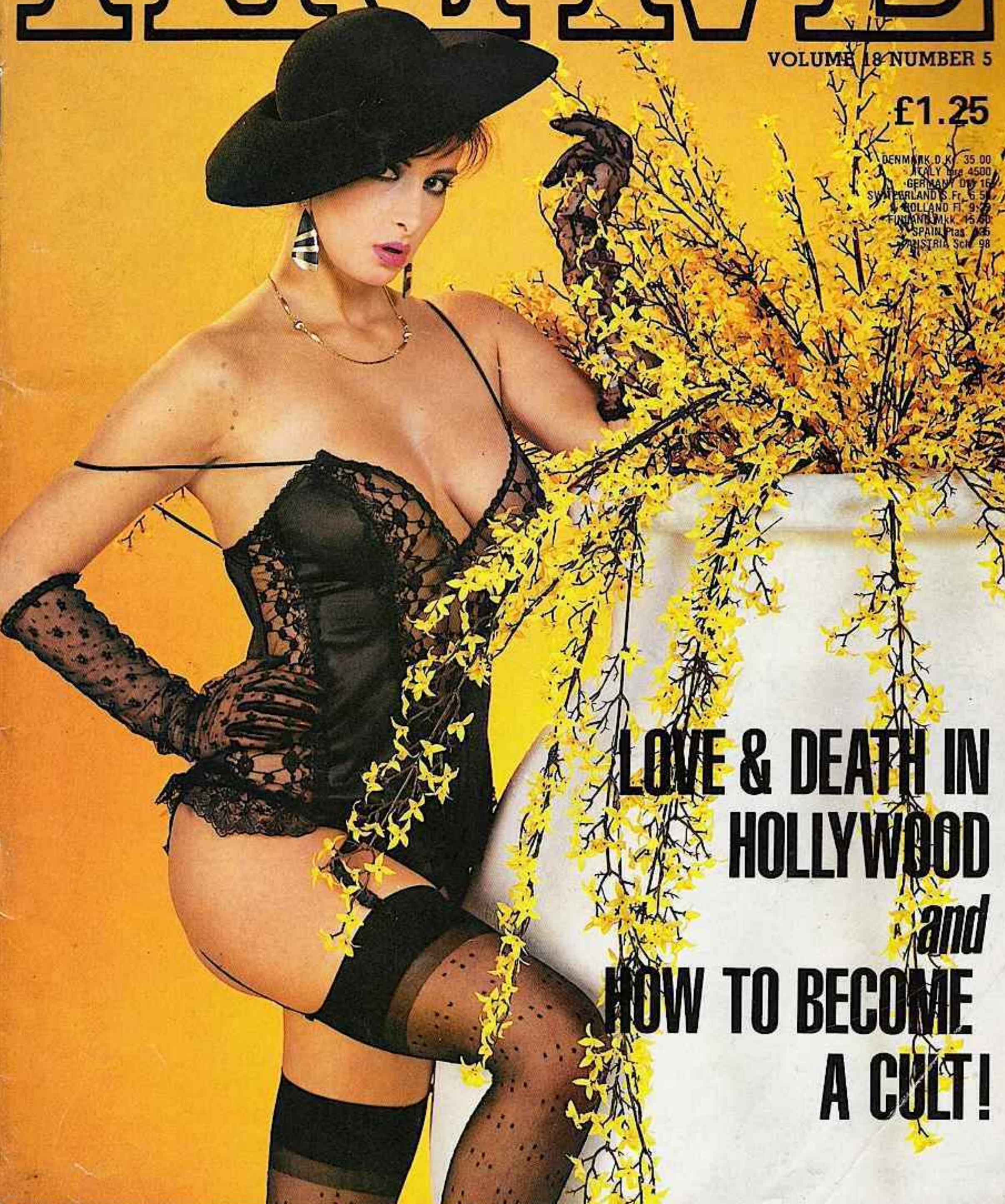


LOVE & DEATH IN HOLLYWOOD *and* HOW TO BECOME A CULT!

Clarissa

It must have been quite a sight really — the Knave crew bus trundling through the gates and down the majestic driveway of an 18th century ancestral home. We had thought to arrive in the rather more impressive company car but there is only so much you can get in a Morris Minor, and everyone wanted to be in on this chance to widen their social horizons.

We had already bribed the Editor to be on his best behaviour (it's amazing what a pint of Ridley's can achieve) and he'd fished out his old school tie for the occasion. It seemed a wasted effort, though, as our hostess obviously didn't stand on formal dress.

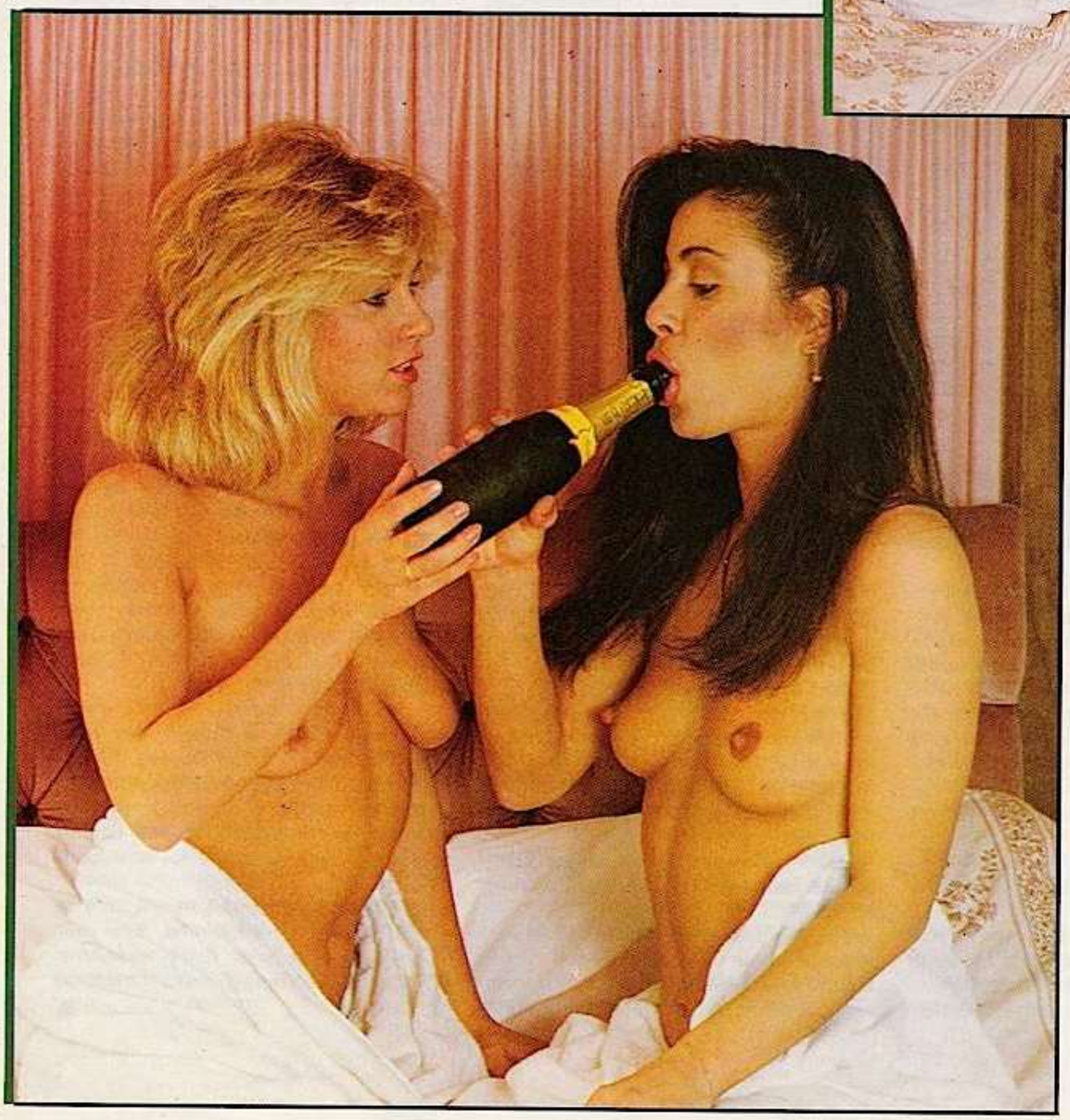
Clarissa didn't stand on much at all actually. She seemed to prefer lying down. Particularly on the conservatory floor. But with what decorum! And with such a cool and implacable sense of propriety. Sex seemed to be the last thing on her mind, yet it was the first on everyone else's.

The Knave crew were soon drooling all over the exquisite parquet tiling. It was obviously time to go before anyone made a worse mess. After all, we did want an invite back.

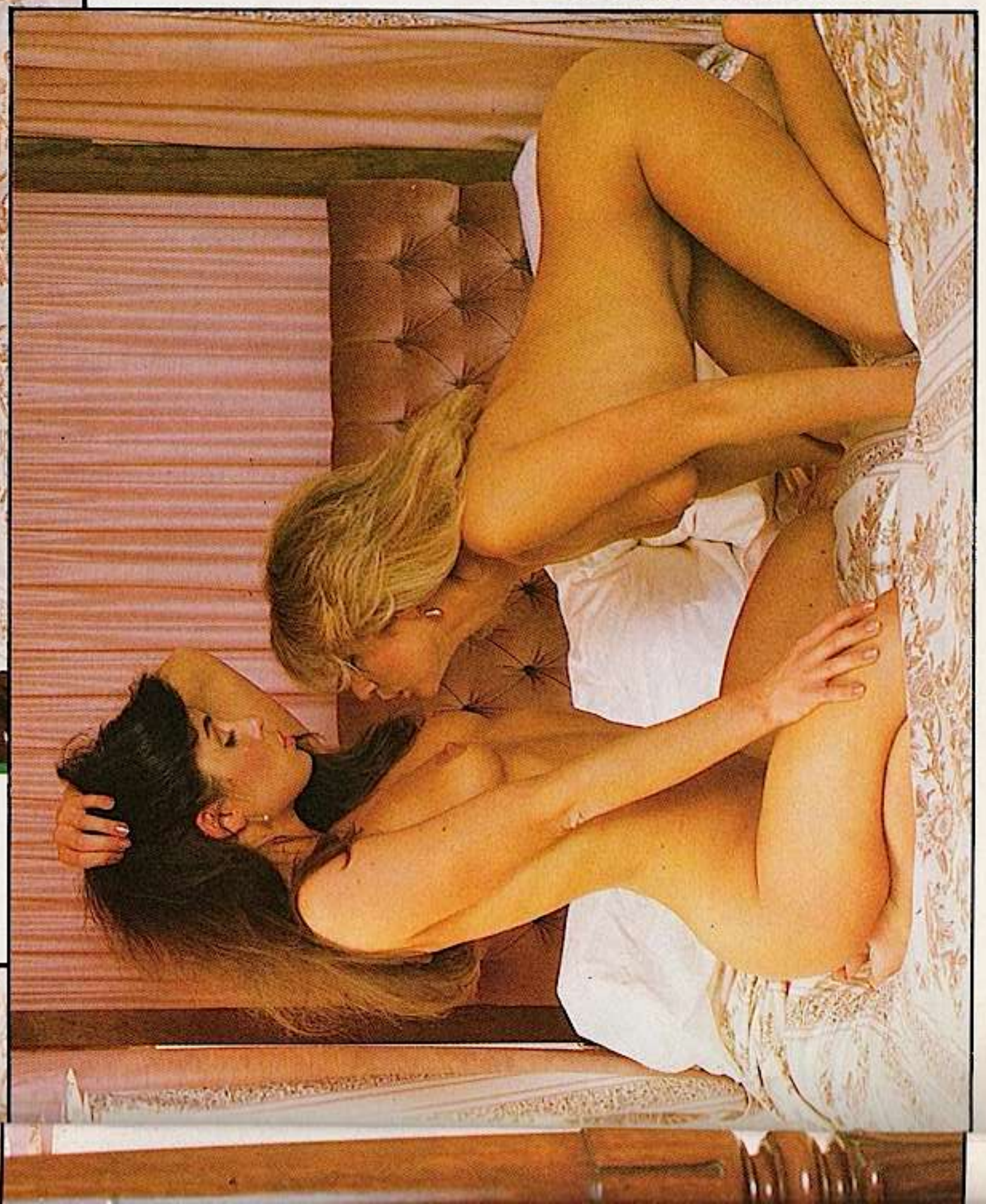
PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON HURST

Franchesca & Fiona

Franchesca and Fiona (yes, you're right, those are not their real names but I could never resist alliteration) frolic in a four poster. This dazzling duo were no trouble and got down to work as if they were the only two girls left in the world. And would life be so bad if they were, I ask myself? Then I could have Franchesca and you could have Fiona. Or I could have Fiona and you'd have Franchesca. Alternatively, I could have them both and you could make us all breakfast. I mean, there's not really room in there for four, is there?!



PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIMON HURST

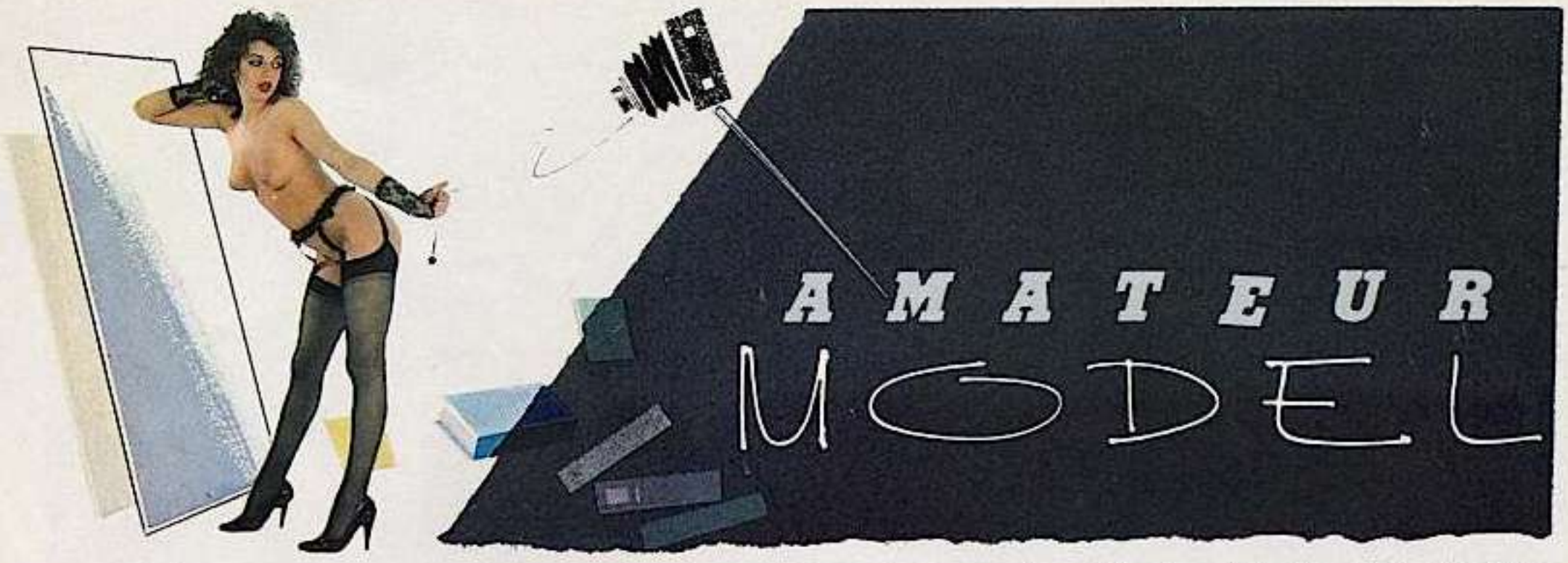


Gleda

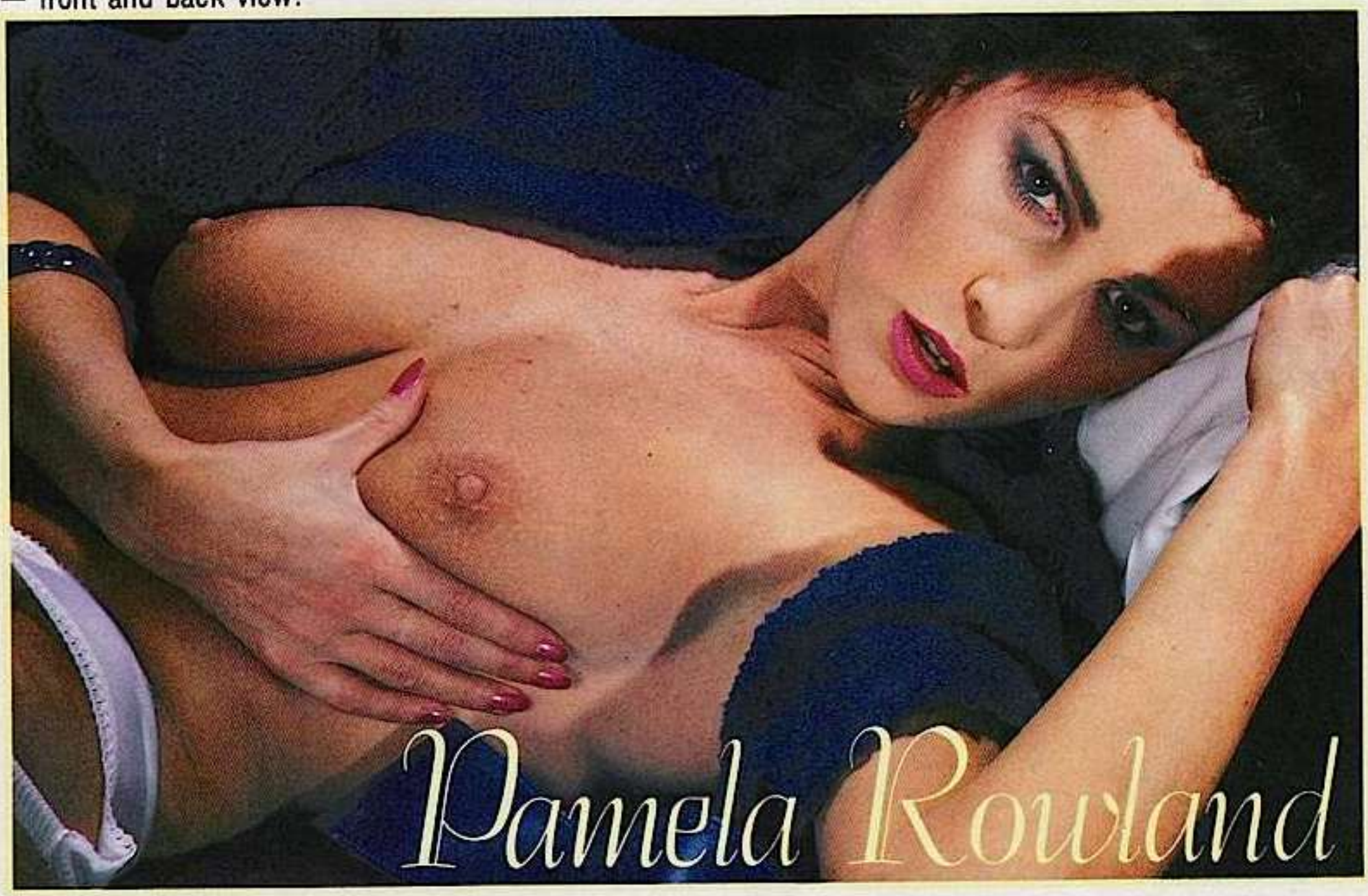
The Danes, clever chaps, obviously know how to make more than sizzling bacon. Gleda, our blonde beauty from Scandinavian shores, has that pert figure and healthy outdoor glow that are always so admirably evident in our North European friends.

Does she always flaunt it in public, though, asked our curious sub-editor? "I just love to feel the sun tingle on my skin," confided Gleda, "It makes me feel at one with nature." We told her we were sure our readers could appreciate that. So . . . over to you.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL JUTZLER



This girl did it — so could you. If you think you could make it as one of our Amateur Models, fill in the form below and send it in with a few rude nude pictures of yourself. Polaroids will do, at least two completely nude — front and back view.



Send to: KNAVE AMATEUR MODEL FEATURE, P.O. BOX 312, WITHAM, ESSEX CM8 3SZ.

MODEL'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TELEPHONE NO.....

DATE OF BIRTH.....

SIGNATURE.....

PHOTOGRAPHER'S NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

TELEPHONE NO.....

SIGNATURE.....

DATE PHOTOS TAKEN.....

If we like the photos you send us, we'll invite you to our studio for a day's modelling — and pay you £200! And we'll pay £25 to whoever took your photos. We provide a professional make-up artist and photographer — and an enjoyable day out! Come on, girls, let's see your photos!

Soon after Ms. Pamela Rowland made her modelling debut for Knave she jetted off to foreign parts to do some exotic location shooting. Yet another Knave Amateur Model to catch the eyes of the men who matter — the photographers and agents who do all the hard work behind the scenes to bring you beauty after beauty for your pleasure. For Pamela, Portugal is her destination for some sunny, sexy snap shots. It's a long way from Sunderland, which is her home town. Have fun, Pamela, and don't forget to show us your suntan when you return — all of it!

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ALAN WALTON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY IAN POTTER

SASHA

It is most definitely not an everyday occurence: an aristocratic young lady strolling into our offices and politely enquiring about the availability of modelling work. But that is precisely what happened with sultry Sasha here.

The receptionist assumed she had come to the wrong address. "The society photographer resides on the second floor," she informed Sasha. But no, she really did want to take her upper class knickers off for us . . . and for you.

We knew we could not let her down by giving her any old set to work on. So, we put our minds to building something with that certain touch of style. We think we succeeded rather well . . .

Even our photographer pretended to be posh for the duration, although he did slightly spoil things by always addressing her as 'Sash'. When the shoot was over our lady summoned her chauffeur and departed, leaving us only her knickers . . . Thank you, Sasha!

SASHA

KNAVE MAGAZINE

SYLVIE

What else but a saucy red and white set for a Swedish sorceress? Forget your muted pastels and soft focus lens, some girls like Sylvie just want to knock your socks off.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HARRY SMITH

She took to her surroundings like the Editor takes to the Waggon and Horses. She was on the bed, by the bed and under the bed — unfortunately that's where the tea-boy was hiding, so we had to edit those photographs.

Sylvie has sent many hea s a-tumble, and, to be hon st, she's left a few organs tre bling here. (The tea always co es in the saucer now). It was a in a day's work for her, of co se; once in a lifetime for a Knave tea-boy.